

Ant. He be thy Second.
Gen. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
 (Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
 Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
 (That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this extasie
 May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too austere punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
 Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
 I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
 I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
 Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
 For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
 And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleue it
 Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
 If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy right, be ministred,
 No sweet asperion shall the heauens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
 Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly
 That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
 As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
 With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion,
 Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt
 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 The edge of that dayes celebration,
 When I shall thinke, or *Phobus* Steeds are foundered,
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;
 Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
 What *Ariel*, my industrious seruāt *Ariel*. Enter *Ariel*.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
 Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
 In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
 (Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
 Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
 Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
 Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?
Pro. I: with a twinke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
 And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
 Each one tripping on his Toe,
 Will be here with mop, and mowe.
 Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariel*: doe not approach
 Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.
Pro. Look thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
 Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
 To th' fire it's blood: be more abstinentious,
 Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
 The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heare
 Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.
 Now come my *Ariel*, bring a Corolari,
 Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & perty. *Soft musicke.*
 No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Lees
 Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
 Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibbling Sheepe,
 And flat Medes thechd with Stouer, them to keepe:
 Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
 Which spongie *Aprill*, at thy best betrimms;
 To make cold Nymphes chaff crownes; & thy broome-
 Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues, (groues;
 Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge sturle, and rockey-hard,
 Where thou thy selfe do'st rayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
 Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.

Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace, *Iuno*
 Here on this grasie-plot, in this very place *descends.*
 To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
 Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
 Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
 Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
 And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
 My boskie acres, and my vnstrubb downe,
 Rich scarp to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to citate
 On the blest Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
 If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
 Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
 The meanes, that duskie *Diu*, my daughter got,
 Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
 I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
 Be not afraid: I met her deitie
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
 Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
 Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
 Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
 Her waspish headed Sonne, has broke his arrowes,
 Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
 Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Ir. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
 To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
 And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*

In. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
 Long continuance, and encreasing,
 Homely ioyes, be still vpon you,

Iuno

Iuno sings her blessings on you,
 Earths increase, foys complentie,
 Barres, and Carners, neuer empty,
 Vaines, with clostring bunches growing,
 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
 Spring come to you at the farthest,
 In the very end of Harvest.
 Scarcity and want shall shun you;
 Ceres blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most maiesticke vision, and a most
 Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
 To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
 I haue from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
 So rare a wondred Father, and a wife
 Leave your cripe channels, and on this Greene-Land
 Make this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
 There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
 Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.
Iris. You Nymphs cald *Nayades* of winding brooks,
 With your feg'd crownes, and cuer-harmelett looks,
 Leave your cripe channels, and on this Greene-Land
 Answer your summons, *Iuno* do's command.

Come temperate *Nymphes*, and helpe to celebrate
 A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.
Enter certaine Nymphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
 Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
 Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
 And these fresh Nymphes encounter euery one
 In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they sojourn with
 the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end where-
 of, *Prospero* starts suddenly and speaks, after which to a
 strange hollow and confused noise, they heauily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
 Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates
 Against my life: the minute of their plot
 Is almost come: Well done, auoid no more.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
 That workes him strongly.

Mr. Neuer till this day
 Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.
Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd fort,
 As if you were disdain'd: be cheerefull Sir,
 Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
 And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
 The Cloud-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallacer,
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
 Leauie not a racke behind: we are such stuffe
 As dreames are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
 Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
 Benot disturb'd with my infirmities,
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
 And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
 To still my beating minde.

Fer. *Mr.* We wish your peace.

Exit.

Pro. Come with a tho

Ar. Thy thoughts I

Pro. Spirit: We must

Ar. I my Command

I thought to haue told th

Least I might anger the

Pro. Say again, where

Ar. I told you Sir, the

So full of valour, that the

For breathing in their fac

For kissing of their feete;

Towards their proiect: th

At which like vnback't co

Aduanc'd their eye-lids, fo

As they smelt muske; fo

That Calfe-like, they my

Tooth'd briars, sharpe fir

Which entred their fraile

I'th' filthy mantled poole

There dancing vp to th' ch

Ore-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well do

Thy shape inuisible retain

The trumpery in my hous

For stale to catch these th

Pro. A Deuill, a borne

Nurture can neuer sticke:

Humanely taken, all; all

And, as with age, his bod

So his minde cankers: I w

Euen to roaring: Come; h

Enter Ariel, laden with

Caliban, Stephano, an

Cal. Pray you tread soft

not heare a foot fall: we ne

St. Monster, your Fairy

Has done little better then

Trin. Monster, I do smel

My nose is in great indign

St. So is mine. Do yo

Take a displeasure against

Trin. Thou wert but a

Cal. Good my Lord, g

Be patient, for the prize I

Shall hudwinke this mischa

All's hush as midnight yet

Trin. I, but to loose ou

St. There is not onely di

Monster, but an infinite los

Tr. That's more to me th

Yet this is your harmlesse P

St. I will fetch off my b

Though I be o're eares for

Cal. Pre-thee (my King)

This is the mouth o'th Cell

Do that good mischeefe, w

Thine owne for euer, and I

For aye thy foot-licker.

St. Giue me thy hand,

I do begin to haue bloody

Trin. O King, *Stephano*, O

Looke what a wardrobe he

Cal. Let it alone thou foo

Trin. Oh, ho, Monster: w

slippery, O King, *Stephano*.